2t.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt.

On occasion of the Late Great

VICTORY in *BRABANT.*

A Banter on Sr Richard. 20. July. 1706.

O H *Blackmore!* Why do'ſt *thou alone* refuſe
To grace *Ramillia* with thy noble Muſe,
Where *Britiſh* Valour urg'd by *CHURCHILL* on,
Has all that went before, and has it ſelf out-done?
How canſt thou anſwer to *thy ſelf* and *Fame*
A Victory like *this*——without *thy* Name?

Or, do'ſt thou ſtill for the *Great WILLIAM* grieve,
Tho' he will *ever* in thy *Arthur* live?
Or, is *One Poet* to *One Heroe* due,
T' *AUGUSTUS Virgil*, and to *WILLIAM You?*
Or, is *this Age* not worthy of thy Care,
That did not thy Illuſtrious *Arthur* ſpare?

Grieve not for *Him* whom thou haſt deathleſs made;
Whoſe Laurels, like thy own, will never fade.
Thy Artful Hand, and thy Harmonious Pen
Can Men immortal make, and live agen.
'Tis true, *BRITANNIA* is of *Him* bereſt,
But *He* his *Mantle* has to *ANNA* left;

Who

Who *doubly* with *his ſpirit* bleſt, has done
All that he hop'd and more——and has *ev'n Him* out-run.

So vaſt a *Genius* and ſo large a Mind
Can never to *One Heroe* be confin'd.
In *ANNA's* Reign thou haſt *ELIZA's* grac'd,
The *Preſent Age* out-ſhining far the *Paſt*.
For, whate'er Fame to *Her* advantage tells,
The *Copy* the *Original* excels.

If *Thou* and thy *Great Arthur* were condemn'd,
It was not *Thou* but *Virtue* was contemn'd;
Whoſe Cauſe thou nobly fought'ſt, and did'ſt maintain:
Oppos'd by *Sworn Confederates* in vain.

Rouze then——and reaſſume thy tuneful Lyre:
This CHURCHILL——This thy COUNTRY does require.
What if Ten Thouſand Sick thy Abſence grieve?
Let 'em grieve on, ſo *CHURCHILL ever* live.
His Fame to Vulgar *Lives* ſhou'd be prefer'd
Of the Ignoble Undiſtinguiſh'd Herd.

Tate, as in Duty bound, has ſomewhat ſaid;
But He his *Office* not his *Muſe* obey'd.

But *Prior* does in *Spencer's* Style endite,
With the *ſame ſpirit* that the *Engliſh* Fight.
Thought ſo ſublime, Expreſſion ſo correct
Ever more Honour, than they give, reflect.

For

For tho' his *Heroe* to the Stars be rais'd,
'Tis nobler so to praise, than to be prais'd.

Some *Minor Poets* too have done their best:
Tho' small their Skill, yet their good Will's expreſt.

De Foe, as ever, Execrably bad,
Throws out a Hasty *Poem*, wrote like Mad.
'Twas the first-born, and welcome in *our Mirth*,
Tho' not *One Muse* assisted at its birth.

Some more, *below the dignity of Verse*,
In short-liv'd Lines wou'd glorious Deeds rehearse.

Oh! give us a true *Specimen* of Wit,
Thou know'st it best——*Thou Master art of it.*
Do thou exert thy self, and let us see
A *Poem* worthy *CHURCHILL*, worthy *Thee.*
Thy Muse, like the fam'd Beauty of a Town,
If seen abroad, the day is all her own.
Each *Puny-Wit* draws back, and hides his Head,
And does inimitable Patterns dread.

Do *you* but Write, and *All* will silent be:
For what Bold Man will dare to follow *thee*?
Do you *Ramillia's* Bloody Plains describe,
You *Distance* strait the whole *Poetic Tribe.*
Praise is the Most to which *the Best* pretend;
But *Wonder* and *Surprize thy* Works attend.]

What

What may we not expect, when *such* a Muse
Shall *such* a *Theme* and *such* a *Heroe* choose?
By *CHURCHIL's* Actions and Examples fir'd,
Ev'n meaner Pens than thine may be inspir'd.
But when the *Muse* and *Subject* are compleat,
The World with justice hopes for *somewhat Great.*
Our utmost hopes, I know, (Vast tho' they be)
Of a full answer cannot fail from *Thee.*
And if *my* Poorer Muse shall waken *Thine*,
Some share at least of Glory will be *mine:*
As *He*, who warn'd by *me* begins to Arm,
Does owe the Victory to my Alarm.

FINIS.

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